

THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



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DEER IN THE FOREST—ROSA BONEUR.

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The Twentieth Hundred.

Elsie Darwin came skipping home from school. Mother always said that, when Elsie came skipping down the street, she knew that something nice had happened to her. Something nice had happened to-day, and it had made Elsie feel very happy. So she skipped, and, as she skipped, she sang a little song.

It was an old, old tune which she sang, but no one else had ever heard the words, for she had made them up herself. She hummed them very softly under her breath:

"I got a hundred, I got a hundred,
I got a hundred in spelling to-day."

It was not the first day Elsie had stood one hundred in spelling. Not at all. Indeed, she had had one hundred just seventeen times that month, and now there were only three more days to spell. If she could have one hundred three times more, her name would go on the honor roll. Then think of the joy of showing father her report card.

So Elsie skipped and sang her little song, "I got a hundred, I got a hundred," till she reached home and could tell mother. Of

course it would have been nice to surprise mother, too, but a little girl must have some one to talk things over with.

The next day was Wednesday, and Elsie skipped home from school that afternoon. The next day was Thursday, and again Elsie skipped.

"Now there is only one more day, mother," she said, "and I can surely get just one more. And won't father be surprised? And won't he be proud of me?"

Every one in school was excited that Friday afternoon. The girls talked it over at recess. There were three girls in the

class who had nineteen hundreds,—Sadie Clark, Mabel Deland, and Elsie.

"You girls needn't be so sure," Lucy Case said. "You may make mistakes to-day. I was sure, too, when I had fifteen hundreds. I thought I could get five more, but I made a mistake that very day."

"Oh, but we won't make mistakes," said Sadie. "Will we, Elsie?"

"We will study just as hard till we know every word. Won't we, Sadie?"

"Of course we will," said Sadie.

Spelling-class came just before school closed. Elsie could hardly sit still in her seat. Her little song kept running through her head. She was almost afraid she would sing it aloud.

"I'll get a hundred, I'll get a hundred,
I'll get my twentieth hundred to-day."

This is what she sang to herself now.

"Only three more words to write," she thought. Her feet were tapping up and down under her seat, keeping time to the song.

Miss Morris pronounced the eighteenth word, "Deceive."

"Oh, dear!" thought Elsie. "One of those horrid 'ie' words that I could never spell. But I know this one to-day." She wrote it down.

Then there were two words more, and it was time to change papers. Elsie smiled at Sadie as they exchanged, and Sadie smiled back at Elsie. The smiles meant that each little girl was sure.

Mabel Deland was asked to spell. Just as she began, Elsie gave a quick glance down Sadie's column of words.

Yes, they were just like hers. No! Were they, after all? Elsie was looking at the eighteenth word. It did not look right.

"Decie—decie," she said quickly to herself. Sadie had "ei." "Can she be right?" she thought.

And then the awful truth came to her. Sadie was right. She was wrong! Mabel was spelling, and Elsie must try to follow her. And, oh, whatever she did, she must not cry!

Elsie marked *oo* at the top of Sadie's paper and gave it back to her. She tried to be brave and smile at Sadie, but it was hard to make the smile come. Sadie smiled back to her, however, as if everything were all right.

Elsie took her paper. She looked first at the eighteenth word. What had happened to it? It looked right now!

Then she understood. Sadie had made the littlest mark with her pencil, so that the *i* was turned into an *e*. The dot was just half-way between the two letters, and no one need ever know. And there at the top of her paper was the big one hundred mark.

"It is what I have worked for a whole month," Elsie thought. "And I can't bear to fail at the very end."

So, when Sadie and the others stood, Elsie stood with them. But, when Miss Morris praised them for their good work, Elsie did not feel as glad about it as she had expected to.

She didn't feel like singing her little song, either. Instead she kept thinking the word she had misspelled,—"deceive, deceive"; she could think of nothing else.

"Is there a commandment that says, 'Thou shalt not deceive?'" she wondered. She didn't believe there was, but it sounded like one.

Elsie slipped away from the other girls when school was out, and started home alone. She didn't skip at all to-night.

"I don't care," she said to herself. "I worked hard all month, and now my name is on the roll, anyway, and I can tell father."

This is what Elsie tried very hard to say to herself. But all the time another voice kept saying, "Deceive—deceive—d-e-c-e-i-v-e, deceive." And, when she tried to think of telling father, as she had planned, she knew that she could never do it while that voice rang in her ears.

There was just one thing that she could do. She turned around and walked fast, almost ran, back to the school-house. Then, when Miss Morris understood all about it, and her name had been erased from the board, she started home once more. She did not skip nor sing, but the voice had stopped.

She told mother when she reached home, and cried, too, with her head in mother's lap. "Now it is all spoiled," she sobbed, "and there won't be anything to tell father at all."

"I think I would tell him, dear, if I were you," mother said. "I think I would tell him the whole story."

Elsie did tell him as she sat on his knee after supper. "And now you can't be proud of me at all," she finished.

"But I am proud of my little girl," he said, "and I believe she has made me more happy than if she had told me of a twentieth hundred."—*Mary Katharine Reely, in the Congregationalist.*

*The fruit when the blossom is blighted will fall,
The sin will be searched out, no matter how small;
So what you're ashamed to do, don't do at all.*

CARY.

A Winter's Supply.

BY MARY W. PORTER.

Henry and John were cutting wood. It was a warm December afternoon. A month earlier it would have been Indian Summer.

They both belonged to a Boys' Club. The wood had given out at their club-house. Henry had offered the tree from his father's wood-lot; John had volunteered to help cut it.

"Gee, I wish we had brought some water. I'm as thirsty as a July corn-field."

"Why, our new well is just over the knoll," Henry answered. "We had a pump put in last summer, so we could fill our sprayer."

"You did? That's fine and dandy! I'm mighty glad. Perhaps the pump's frozen, though? The thermometer went to fifteen last week."

"No, no, it couldn't be," Henry said. "It would thaw out anyway in to-day's sunshine."

They were glad to put down their axes for a while. They were tired. They peeled off some white birch bark and made a cornucopia drinking-cup as they went along the path.

Henry held the cup and John pumped. The handle stuck a bit at first.

"Perhaps it is frozen after all," Henry said. Then the pump began to work easily and out from the spout poured a full stream of—beechnuts!

The boys looked at each other in amazement.

"It's a squirrel's work!" they both said in the same breath.

They pumped out all the nuts and filled their pockets. Almost half of them had been

shelled. They were not at all dried up, and the boys had a fine time eating them as they went on with their work.

By and by the wood was all cut. They went down to the barn, harnessed the horses, and carried the wood to their club-house.

As they were driving the empty wagon back home, they were silent a long time.

"Henry, how long do you suppose it took that squirrel to gather and shell those nuts?"

"That's exactly what I was thinking. And do you think it was his whole winter's supply?"

"I'm afraid so," John answered.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what we'd better do."

"What?"

"Go straight to the corn barn and get some corn and put it in that pump!"

After the horses were unharnessed and made comfortable for the night, the two boys went to the corn crib, shelled out a measure of corn, carried it up, and poured it into the pump.

The moon was rising as they came back through the woods.

"Do you suppose he'll think it is a miracle?" John asked.

"I don't suppose about that," Henry answered, "but I do know I shall sleep better than I would if that pump were empty."

A Homesick Boy.

Homesick ain't like the other sick

You get an' haf to go to bed
An' drink th' stuff th' drug-stores mix,
Or have things tied aroun' your head,
An' when your ma she wash your face
An' use the silver bresh an' comb
To comb you, an' she fill a vase
With flowers, 'cause you're sick at home.

Homesick ain't med'cine sick at all;

It ain't a sick like stummick ache
'At makes you double up and bawl
An' say you didn't eat the cake,
Until your conscience it ache, too.
Nen you con-fess, an' your ma smiles,
An' say she got a joke on you
Because she know it all th' while.

Homesick ain't when they see your tongue

Or feel your pulse or your ears buzz,
Or doctor listens at your lung—
But, oh, how much you wish it wuz!
Homesick is when you go away
A-visitin' all by yourself,
An' miss the clock 't ought to stay
A-ticking on the mantel shelf.

But you don't miss it till it's night

An' time to go to bed, an' nen
You think if it would be po-lite
You'd like to go back home again.
An' when you don't know just what it is
You want, but wisht you had it, though,
An' grandpa sez 'at it is his
Up-pinion 'at you'd like to go.

An' folks tell stories to you, too,

An' try their best to make you laugh.
Th' wind cries in the chimbley flue,
An' in the barnyard is a calf
'At bawls and bawls—an' worst part yet
Is all th' time how well you know
No matter how homesick you get
An' want to go home, you can't go.

WILBUR D. NESBIT,
in Harper's Magazine.

The Silver Lining.

BY NINA McCUEN.

"Never mind, Alice," Tommy heard his father say to his mother as he left home that morning. "Every cloud has a silver lining; and, if we look long enough, we'll probably find it."

"I surely hope so, Rob," the mother had replied, "we need the silver badly, and have so much of the wrong side of this particular cloud."

Then Father had gone and Mother had run in the house looking as though she wanted to cry, but wouldn't.

Tommy, who was nearly six, thought about it as he sat on the gate-post. He couldn't see why his mother should seem so sad because the shops were going to close and Father would be at home all the time, instead of just at meal-times and night. He thought it would be great fun. And, every time his father would lie down to rest, she would look worried and talk about going to live in the country where Daddy could be outdoors all the time. Maybe if he could get some of that silver lining they had spoken of, Daddy and Mother would laugh again like they used to do.

The boy jumped down and, running into the house, got his little tin bank from the dining-room shelf. Just fourteen pennies! Well, he would see what could be done with that much money. He thought it a great deal to have at one time.

Down the street he went, carefully holding the bank right side up, until he came to a store whose sign read "Jacob Brown & Co." Tommy couldn't read the sign, but he knew whose store it was and hesitated to go in, for he had always heard that "old Jake Brown" was a mighty cross old man. He knew he was also a very rich man. Nobody had told Tommy about all the sorrow in Jacob Brown's life,—of how he had struggled for years to make a living for a large family of fatherless brothers and sisters. He knew nothing of the many little deeds of kindness the man had done, but, like every one else in the village, mistook a shy and somewhat soured disposition to mean a hard heart. Tommy finally plucked up courage and went in, thinking that Mr. Brown might be out and a clerk would wait on him; but it was just the other way about. Mr. Brown was alone in the store and came forward at once.

"What is it, son?" he asked from behind the counter.

Tommy looked up at him and thought the man was almost as big as the giant in "Jack and the Beanstalk."

"Have you got any silver lining to sell?"

"Silver lining! What kind of lining? Tin foil?" Mr. Brown asked. "No-o-o," Tommy said rather uncertainly. "It's cloud lining I want. Something that is good for folks to have and makes them happy."

The storekeeper was amazed and came around beside the child. He looked quite kind as he said:

"Tell me more about it, sonny, and maybe I can make out what you want."

"I never saw any," began Tommy, "but Daddy said this morning to Mother that maybe some cloud had a silver lining, and for her to look for it; but she's too busy, so I thought I'd buy it at the store. I've

brought my bank with me." And he placed the tin bank in Mr. Brown's big hand.

"Whose boy are you?" asked the puzzled man.

"R. J. Bonner's—and he works in a shop, but he won't have to work long 'cause the shop's going to quit. Say, do you think I could buy a very little farm with that money, so's we could live on it like Mother wants to?"

"Old Jake Brown's" eyes actually twinkled as he counted out the fourteen cents.

"I'm afraid not, son; but why don't your father get work on a farm if he wants it?"

"I dunno. Guess he don't have time." Tommy was more interested in purchasing the silver lining than in discussing farm-work.

"Hum! Bonner—Bonner, let me see. Must be Rob Bonner's boy. Rob was always a good fellow and was raised on a farm I think. Well, sir, maybe after all I



Photograph by F. H. Jones.

WAITING FOR DADDY.

"He was almost asleep when the familiar step was heard."

have some of that silver lining you want; but I always give it away, so you may have your money back," said Mr. Brown. He wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to Tommy, who looked it over carefully.

"I don't see anything that looks like silver," he said disappointedly.

"It'll seem like silver to your Dad," chuckled the old man. "Give it to him and see if it doesn't."

Tommy thanked him and started home. Daddy and Mother, with very grave faces, were just sitting down to dinner when he arrived, somewhat breathless.

"Here, Daddy," he cried, "here's something that will turn into a silver lining." And he put the folded paper on his father's plate.

"What does the child mean?" his mother said, coming around to read the note over Mr. Bonner's shoulder.

It began: "Mr. R. J. Bonner,—If you will call on me this evening at seven o'clock, I would like to talk over a business affair with

you." Then came the signature, "Jacob Brown."

"Where on earth did you get this, Tommy?" asked the astonished father.

Tommy told them of his shopping trip, and wound up with: "He can't be the cross old Jake Brown, for he was nice and laughed 'way down in his throat most all the time." Mr. and Mrs. Bonner looked at each other.

"Oh, Rob, what if it *should* be a good position!" Mother said.

"Don't be too sure," the father cautioned. "But I'll surely be there at seven to-night."

Tommy, in consideration of his part in the transaction, was allowed to sit up that night and wait for his father. He was almost asleep when the familiar step was heard, but wakened up enough to hear his father's voice—and such a different happy kind of voice—call from the gate, "It's all right, Alice."

Then Mother and Tommy ran out to meet Daddy, and, as he hugged them both, Daddy said:

"I'm to have a month's trial at the Brown farm; and, if I make good,—and *I will*,—we're all to go there to live. The cloud has turned wrong side out at last, and we can have a look at that silver lining."

Who's Who?

When I took Hector for a walk, it used to be great fun;

He was a little puppy then, and close to me he'd run;

But, when we go out walking now, it's different as can be—

I don't know whether I take him or whether he takes me!

Primary Plans.

A Dog that Obeyed his Mistress.

One day Betty and Bouncer went out for a frolic. On the edge of the wood Betty spied a lady's slipper and picked it. Then she saw another a little farther in the wood and picked that. She kept on finding them and going deeper and deeper into the wood.

By and by she decided to go back, but the first thing she knew she was in a dreadful tangle of briars. Then she got into a swamp. Next she came to some tall pine-trees that she had never seen before. She looked down at Bouncer and Bouncer looked up at her, and wasn't it strange? Bouncer never thought but that Betty knew the way home, and Betty never dreamed that Bouncer did. She threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears.

"We're lost, Bouncer!" she cried. "What shall we do?"

Bouncer uttered a few short barks.

"Can't you find the way home, Bouncer?" she asked, suddenly remembering that dogs always knew the way home. Bouncer wagged his tail.

"Go home, Bouncer!" shouted Betty.

This wasn't just the way Bouncer wanted to help.

"Go home!" cried Betty, stamping her foot.

Bouncer looked the picture of misery. The last thing he wanted to do was to go home and leave Betty. But she had said go, and go he must, so off he trotted.

And Betty followed. It didn't seem the right way to go at all, but she trusted Bouncer, and pretty soon they were safe out of the woods with Betty's own dear home in plain sight.

Our Dumb Animals.

THE BEACON.

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Editorial.

When we meet together to sing and pray and study, we are reaching upward toward something we long to be. The boy in the class looks to the man who leads, or one who instructs, with a wish to be like him. The girl sits close to her teacher, and sees herself a future teacher with a group of girls about her.

What do you want to be when you are grown? A boy at the seashore marches up and down the sand, imagining himself the captain of a ship. A little lad often wants to be a motorman, or a soldier, or a football hero; always to be like some one whose position, or fame, or character he admires. The girl plays at being mother or princess, or actress, or teacher, and so reaches upward toward something she sees as possible for herself in later life.

They tell us that in the very poor quarters of Chicago little children play chiefly one game in which one pretends that he is a policeman who goes about arresting the others. They are imitating a sight too pitifully familiar in their experience. The policeman's uniform, his club, his power, make an ideal toward which their starved natures reach in their play.

What you are wanting to be helps make you what you are to be. God leads us that way by letting us see what we might become. Our American poet, James Russell Lowell, has told us that

"Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving."

In the very desire to be like some one you see or read about, you grow into that fuller life which is for you possible.

A young girl once came to Dr. Lyman Abbott, asking to join his church. Wanting to know whether she understood the meaning of the step she was taking, he asked her, "Do you want to be like Christ?" The girl thought a moment and then answered with perfect honesty, "I don't know: I want to be like mother."

The longing to be like some one in whom the Christ spirit of love and service is shown is the first step in the way of the "heavenward will." When the girl reads about Julia Ward Howe, or Dorothea Dix, or Jane Addams, with the wish to be like these noble women, she is helped to be her best self, to find her true place and work in the world. "We are haunted by the ideal life," said Phillips Brooks, "because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it."

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

The Messenger Boy.

When Bobby is Bobby, and just mother's five-year-old boy, his shoes often go thump-thump-thump, on the floor; but, when he is a pony, he lifts his feet so neatly and capers about so softly that you would never think of naming him anything but Lightfoot.

When Bobby is Bobby, he does not always remember to be polite when asking for things; but, when he is a pet collie, he gives one gentle bark for "Please," and two for "Thank you," and the doggy never forgets.

When Bobby is Bobby, and mother needs his help, he sometimes says, in a sulky way, "Oh, no! I don't want to!"

This happened yesterday, and what do you think mother did, as soon as she heard the cross little voice?

She went to the corner of the room, and said: "Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Messenger service? Can you send me a messenger boy to help me to-day?—No, not so very large, but nice and pleasant.—Five years old? That's pretty young, unless he's very bright.—Oh, he is! and willing, too!—Why, I believe he's just what I want. Will you send him right away, please?"

Then she waited, and in a minute there came a tap at the door; for, while she had been talking, Bobby had stopped scowling and slipped out into the hall.

"Come in!" called mother, and there in the open door stood a smiling boy cap in hand.

"Is this the messenger boy? I just ordered?"

"Yes, lady," said a bright voice, "and I can stay all day with you if you want me. What shall I do first?"

"Well, I had a basket of food to send across the street to poor Mrs. Finnegan; but my little boy thought it was too heavy, and you don't look much stronger than he does."

"Humph!" said the messenger boy, cheerily, picking up the basket. "It's light as a fly!" and away he went. He was back again in a minute, rosy-cheeked and smiling, and asking, "What next, ma'am?"

"I wonder if you can wipe dishes?" said mother.

"Sure! I used to do it for my mother before I was a messenger boy, and I made 'em shine too."

So, while he polished the plates, mother made a pie for dinner, and the messenger boy's eyes shone when he saw that she was cutting out small round pieces for tarts.

"Say, lady!" said he, "I can put the jelly in 'em."

"Oh, that's good!" said mother. "My Bobby sometimes does that, and I always have him taste the jelly first, to see if it's just right."

"I'm a very good jelly-taster," said the messenger boy, and his face beamed when mother handed him a large spoonful of the beautiful red jelly.

"I wonder," mother said after a while, "if you might stay to luncheon with me. I'm all alone to-day."

"Well," said the messenger boy, "they don't often let me, but you're such a nice lady that I think 'twould be all right—and maybe!—'cause your'e so very nice, I might—sleep here to-night—if you want me to."

"But where could you sleep?" asked mother.

"Why, I s'pose your little boy has a bed?"

"Oh, yes; one all his own, right by the side of mine."

"Well," said the messenger boy, with a funny look at her, "why couldn't you take your little boy into your bed, and let me sleep in his?"

"Messenger boy," said mother, "I shall have to kiss you!" The little messenger boy moved slowly toward her. "I—s'pose—you—could," he said. "I—don't—b'lieve they'd—care." Then he gave a run and climbed into her lap.

"You see," he whispered, hugging her tight, "they couldn't mind—you're such a very sweet, dear lady!"

ROSALIE M. CODY, in *Little Folks*.

*The flower pineth not to be sweet and fair;
But, day by day, gives itself to sun and air,
And so is sweet and fair.*

Selected.

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA XVII.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 22, 23, 27, 28, is not cold.

My 3, 13, 5, 20, is something to eat.

My 15, 11, 25, 6, 14, 17, is to understand.

My 9, 10, 25, is a household friend.

My 2, 9, 19, 4, 16, is a body of water.

My 11, 12, 7, 6, is the action of water.

My 26, 12, 1, 18, are parts of an automobile.

My 21, 8, 24, is what boys love.

My whole is a subject for a treatise.

ARTHUR SMITH AND BROTHER.

ENIGMA XVIII.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 4, 3, 13, 24, 30, 27, is a national holiday.

My 2, 18, 40, 54, 17, is not long.

My 9, 34, 38, 45, is a point of the compass.

My 49, 1, 11, 14, 36, 5, is a bird.

My 27, 53, 28, 24, 16, 23, 2, were an ancient people.

My 35, 50, 43, 10, is a parlor ornament.

My 31, 6, 32, 21, 52, 34, is an automobile barn.

My 4, 10, 28, 47, 37, 19, 41, 22, is a month.

My 53, 25, 47, 7, 10, 8, 12, is sincere.

My 20, 46, 7, 26, 53, 47, is a season.

My 39, 40, 20, 15, 42, is a hurt.

My 38, 33, 51, is virtue's opposite.

My 44, 48, 15, is a heavenly body.

My whole is a peace-maker's message from Proverbs.

H. R. S.

HIDDEN CREATURES.

1. "Please stop the noise right away," said Jane.
2. Mary said to John, "Did you go at sharp one o'clock?"

3. "Always be artistic," said Miss Smith.
4. "People know Hale lived to be an old man," said one of the scholars to his teacher.

5. "Travellers wander to many a shore," was the instant reply.

6. How Lucy escaped nobody knows.
7. Crisco will most always take the place of butter.
8. Jack always does his duty.
9. "Were you told to do Georgia's work?" asked John's mother.

10. As you may know, the new treasurer's name is Mr. Wright.

11. The Indian squaw rented the tent, as she was willing to let the white people in.

12. Are you going to adjust the matter right away?

ANNIE H. SHEINKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 8.

ENIGMA XIV.—Cornell University.

BOSTON ENIGMA.—Boston State House is the hub of the solar system.

GENEROUS GEORGE'S PEACHES.—Sixty.

CHANGES.—Swallow, wallow, allow, low, lo, L.